



CHORDS FROM A STRANGE LYRE



OLIVER ALLSTORM.



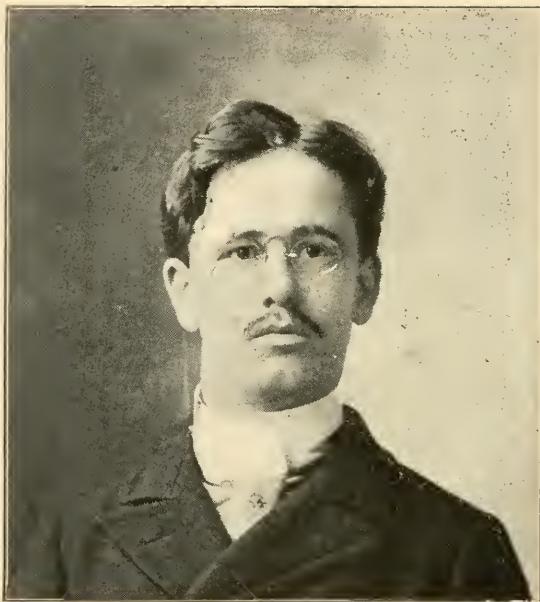
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POEMS.



OLIVER ALLSTORM

CHORDS

FROM

A STRANGE LYRE.

BY

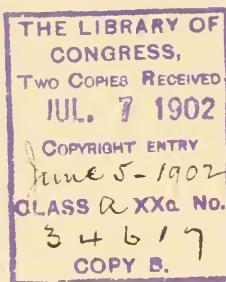
OLIVER ALLSTORM.



SIMS, WILSON & SIMS.

259 Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.
1902

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YANKEE DUTY
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THIS LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED
TO MY MOTHER

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SARAPHAL.

THERE is a harp whose tranquil string
Touched by the hand of one,
Can, like the twilight zephyrs, bring
Sweet peace when day is done;
And there's a voice whose music sweet
Attends this harp of mine,
Whose notes outlive the echoes fleet—
And love, that voice is thine.

There is a brow whose temples form
The archway to the soul,
Can, like the sunbeams in a storm,
Make clouds of sorrow roll;
And there's an eye whose azure orb
Affords a light divine,
Whose lash no evil things absorb—
And love, that eye is thine.

There is a form whose matchless grace
Might well adorn a queen,
Can, like the fairies 'trance the place
Wherever it is seen;
And there's a soul whose hopes arise
Above life's terrene brine,
Whose light has made my paradise—
And love, that soul is thine.

THE CALM OF NIGHT.

HOW can the soul of mortal man
In this deep calm of night,
Deny God's firm unaltered plan
Of universal light?

The very touch of finite things
One cannot understand,
Yet battles with the orb that swings
His omnipotent hand.

I can not view the starry arch
Without a sense of peace;
And, joining in the glory march,
My aspirations cease.

I feel too deep, I know too well,
How small a thing am I,
Yet in the consciousness of hell,
Dare raise my feeble cry.

And thou, oh God of love and light,
Support me at thy bar
With this sweet peace, the calm of night,
That moves me to a star.

Then beauty, unadorned by day,
Shall mark my spirit brow
And whisper all my fears away
More faithfully than now.

I WOULD REST ME IN THE LIGHT.

I WOULD rest me in the light
 Of the quiet west,
On the bosom of the night
 In eternal rest.

There the morning's light is dead,
 As my soul would be
Lost in crimson on the bed
 Of eternity,

Not to wake in boundless bliss
 Of the vast unknown,
But to rest beneath a kiss
 In the grave alone.

Though that kiss cannot be thine,
 Still thine was the last;
And its pressure still is mine
 On my lips so fast.

Thus while mem'ry still is green,
 And ere I forget,
Ere the cold light comes between,
 Or a shadow yet,

14 *I WOULD REST ME IN THE LIGHT.*

I would rest me in the light
Of the quiet west,
On the bosom of the night
In eternal rest.

EVENING STAR.

H OW exquisitely beautiful
Thou shinest forth to-night!
I fain would bathe my conscious soul,
Within thy mellow light.

Rapture may bear my finite mind
Across thy pathless sea,
Yet thou, O star of human hope,
Art more than dreams to me.

I've viewed thee in the darkest night,
When hope's last breath came low,
And in thy steadfast beam I felt
New life within me flow.

And ever, as I turn to thee,
I can not feel forlorn,
For something whispers while you shine
Man has no need to mourn.

UNREQUITED.

O H, how can I cancel
My passion for thee,
My love and affection
Burning so free?

Yet still I must leave thee,
Cruel fate to regard,
And suffer repentance
Without a reward.

Repent,—for I loved thee
In moments of bliss?
Ah, yes—for the wild dream
Awak'ning to this.

So, farewell, thou faithless;
Still I shall be true.
Like birds I'll remember,
My summer with you,

And fly when the winter
Has ceased in thy breast,
And whisper, for thee love,
I die with the rest.

TWILIGHT DREAM.

GO to thy window at sunset,
My love, when the day is low,
Go to thy window at sunset,
When the soft sweet zephyrs blow,
And list to the west-wind songlet,
To the sound the angels know.

Look back to the wooded inland,
Where the last beams fade away,
Look back to the dreary inland,
Where the sky is tinged with gray,
And think of him in the low land,
Where the shadows darkly lay.

Join the sunbeam with the moon beam,
Let no shadow twixt them roll:
Join the day-dream with the night-dream,
In the annals of our scroll;
Let no thought beyond a love-dream
Intervene thy soul, my soul.

Look beyond the peaceful river,
O my life, my soul, my love,
Look beyond the quiet river,
Where the bright stars shine above,
And remember e'en thy lover
Knows what thou art dreaming of.

Watch the purple join the darkness
With the sinking of the sun;
Watch the west verge in the darkness
When the dying day is done,
With the brightness and the darkness
Of the heart that you have won.

Then when all the world is silent,
And the darkness steals the light,
Breathe a prayer that reaches heaven
To the glory of the night,
And in silence hold communion
With the love you deem is right.

THE YOKE OF BURDENS.

WHY do the tears come to my eyes
In thinking thus of thee, my love?
Thou art not yet in paradise,
Though thou wert framed to dwell above.

Why do the fears rise in my breast?
Because I know thou art too fair
To launch from out thy place of rest
Into my sea of winding care.

Why do the years stretched out before,
Seem less than what they ought to be?
Because I fear your heart the more
Shall suffer, when I burden thee.

Why do the tears rebuke the smiles
That welcome thee e'en now as mine?
Because I fear some day the trials
That weigh on me shall all be thine.

THE BLENDING.

YOU love with a love
One gives to the one
One cares to be with forever;
I love with the love
 You give to the one
That cares to be absent never.

We love with a love
 That comes from above,
Which naught on earth can sever;
But one can we love,
 As two we are one,
That wish to be one forever.

AWAY FOND HEART.

A WAY, fond heart, I hear the bell!
The shipman's cry, ayel aye!
One kiss, and then, dear love, farewell
Until our bridal day.

Away, fond ship, thy beaten deck
Bosoms my soul to-night.
May slumbers not upstir a wreck,
Or conscience know affright.

Away, fond sea, I turn to shore;
Thy bright waves speak to me;
Their whisperings bear my darling o'er
And safely back to me.

Away, fond world, I go to rest;
Do not disturb my dream,
But wake me when my aching breast
Is wept on by Maream.

LOVE OF MY LOVE.

L OVE from above,
A flame of fire;
Love of my love,
My soul's desire;
Love for the star,
A moth at sea;
Love, though afar,
Longing for thee.

Love from below,
A snowflake white;
Love, may I know
You melt to-night?
Love for the sky,
A drop of rain;
Love, may I fly
To thee again?

Love from your soul,
A breath divine;
Love to control
A heart like mine;
Love for the love
I give to thee;
Love from above
That dwells in me.

FLOWERET OF BLUSHES.

FLOWRET of blushes,
Thou'rt bursting in bloom.
Teacher of thrushes
Thou'rt singing for whom?
Oh, whisper the beating
Thy heart is repeating
So pealfully,
Stealfully, over the scale.
Light over the gamut,
The echoes avail,
Avail for the dearest,
The loved and the nearest;
O floweret of blushes,
The river that rushes,
The brooklet that gushes,
Is singing of thee,
Is singing thy beauty,
Thy heart and thy duty;
I've heard it in slumber,
Ah, times without number.
Oh, shall it prove sombre,
Or sweet unto me?

Lily of whiteness,
Thou'rt blooming so fair;
Being of lightness
Thou'rt gardened with care.
Thy petals are sprouting,—
No human is doubting,
So sweetly,
Neatfully, scented and true,
That poachers are ready
To cite an ado,
To pluck thee, and claim thee,
To wear thee, and name thee.
O Lily of whiteness,
The sun in its brightness,
The fairies of lightness,
Are guarding but thee;
And I from the thicket
Am warding the wicked,
That they in their madness,
May not cause you sadness.
O love, in your gladness,
Turn gently to me.

WHY DOTH LOVE MOVE.

WHY doth love move
The human breast,
That dares not make
 Its passion known?
Long nights of wake,
 Devoid of rest,
And days to live
 And walk alone!
Why doth love move
A single heart,
That finds defeat
 And solitude, .
Yet suffers well
 Though still apart,
O dream of life, not understood?

Why doth love move
The human breast,
That finds response
With eager breath,
And ready hands
To make him blest,
And footsteps made
E'en unto death?
Why doth love move
Two hearts as one,
Two lives to live
One attitude,
A changeless dream
Till time is run,
O truth of life, not understood?

THE EXCEPTION.

TAKE her, piece by piece, mother.
Look! so small and slender,
Coughing at the lightest wind—
Who could be more tender?

Take her when the day is done,
On her knee thanks giving;
Then name of a victory won,
Worthy of the living.

Take her mind, so richly blest,
With dream-music blending,
Thinking only what is best,
Ready for life's ending.

Take her heart's low, timid beat,
Not a note complaining.
Could a virgin be more sweet
In this world so staining?

Take her eyes so kind and pure,
Tear bedimmed, yet dreaming;
Then ask why the stars endure
In their luster beaming.

Take her hands so small and white,
Ceaseless in contriving,
Constant, from the morn till night,
For another striving.

Take her, mother, as thine own,
Her my hope assuring;
Coupled with thy heart alone,
Love shall be enduring.

Take her, mother, close to thee.
Look! so small and slender,
Smiling through a sea of tears—
Who could be more tender?

THE INSEPARABLE.

I HOPE the time may come when we
By other lips may hear it said,
How unreserved, how true they seem,
How lost each in the other's dream!
Here are two souls that move as one,
Two hearts that beat a tender note,
Two voices from a single throat,
Two meant to have each other won,
And won, they feel each other's need,
Each serves to please in word, and deed.
Oh, theirs is bliss a heart might crave,
For like the child at careless play,
They smile the ills of life away,
And nothing daunts them to be brave.
Well may I hope for such a trust,
For love I dare, and love I must.
My being flames to trust and dare,
And in return I ask as much,
Since God ordained our lives as such.
Let others know that ours is fair;
Let others learn that we can teach
And whisper when we sit alone:
Here are two souls so widely known,
That one might truly say of each,
Inseparable.

And if that time may ever be,
When other lips shall whisper thus,
We shall not blush, nor fear, forsooth!—
 We heed the mandates of all truth.
For love, if love it be, and right,
 Must shed some sign, must feel in part
A kinship to the poorest heart,
 So strong its all absorbing light,
So great its pow'r that we might move
 An awe-aspiring world to love.
Some little seed, some kind word said,
 Would bloom, and flourish at our feet,
And we would feel our lives complete,
 Save for the days of love ahead.
Ah, cannot this be our sweet lot,
 In leaving all but love forgot?
We too might hear that sweet refrain,
 Without a blush mark on the cheek;
Forgetting that our souls are weak,
 We'd strive to hear that sound again;
And list'ning angels in the skies
 Would echo God's fulfilled command,
As we come smiling hand in hand
 Straight from the earth to paradise—
 Inseparable.

WITH YOU BESIDE ME.

WITH you beside me,
Thou tender soul,
Love shall subdue
The grosser bowl,
And many passions
Bear control.
Thou art that to me,
Sweet soulful sound,
Which stays the beast
And holds him bound,
A fond protector
From each wound.

With you beside me,
Sorrows depart,
And love's sweet light
Glows in my heart.
Hope builds' an altar
Without art.
Thou art more to me,
Sweet, winsome love,
Than all of earth
Worth dreaming of,
A bright gem loaned me
From above.

FRAGMENT.

YES I was once a sleeping babe,
Locked in my mother's arms,
Locked in the fond embrace of love,
And pure as angels far above,
And guiltless as the guiltless are—
I was the household pet and star
Long ago.

Would I were still that sleeping babe,
Locked in that fort of love,
In slumber on that mother's breast,
In the sweet untroubled rest,
Safe in the dearest place on earth,
The throbbing bosom of my birth,
Once again.

WE MAY NEVER MEET AGAIN.

If there is a Never
There is no Eternity,

FAREWELL, Aurelia dear, farewell!
Meet, ah shall we ever?
Time shall part us from all time
If there is a never,
Time shall meet us in a clime
If there is forever.

Here to-night in the belfry-tower,
Shall time strike forever?
Here to-night we part the hour—
Meet, ah shall we ever?
Time shall part us in a bower,
Rain, is there a never?

To-morrow we shall beat the sun,
Aye, a day forever;
Time shall lay us gently down
In the mould'ring ever;
You, and I shall meet again,
Never? Oh, forever.

THE TANGLED MAZE.

WERE it mine to know the mystery
Of the coming years, or days,
Could I draw aside the curtain,
Could I pierce the tangled maze,
Would my life be any brighter,
Would my heart be more content?
No, 'twere better far to leave with God
The years till they are spent.
Could I bear to see the sorrow
Which those future years will bring?
No, 'twere better far to take the joy
Of to-day and learn to sing.
“If the world looks dark and gloomy
Just to-day, why should I sigh?
There will be a silver lining
To each dark cloud by and by.”

—By My Cousin Aurelia.

EUNICE.

SWEET Eunice, charming Eunice,
Although you love me not,
Within my passioned bosom
There is a tender spot;
Although unworthy of thee,
Regard the love I own,
Spurn not the spirit in me,
That spirit's love alone.

Yes, I would fain forgive thee,
Forgive and call you blest,
If hope could heal the cancer
Now buried in my breast.
Regardless of your splendor,
I worship at your heart;
Aye, mine for thee beats' tender,
Sweet angel as thou art.

But I forget in passion,
Forget in hours of bliss,
That I am out of fashion
To court a love like this.
Although unworthy of thee,
Forgive affection's glow,
That burns in anguish only
In this poor heart below.

DEAR LOVE I BELIEVE.

DEAR love, I believe thee,
 You shall not deceive me;
I know, though you leave me,
 You still will be true.
Ah, thus do you grieve me
And fondly bereave me,
Yet absence shall weave me
 A love song of you.

Deep seas shall divide us,
Vast mountains shall hide us,
But hope shall provide us
 In seasons of care;
Through all God shall guide us.
And trust shall abide us,
So farewell—beside us—
 Our souls are at prayer.

SOMEHOW.

SOMEHOW I can't forget thee,
Nor would I ere forget;
Somehow you have impressed me
E'er since the day we met;
Somehow, but still I love thee,
Nor will my love e'er die;
Somehow I failed to move thee,
And you alone know why.

Somehow at times I mourn thee,
When love sighs for the past;
Somehow sweet thoughts are borne me,
Sweet thoughts too sweet to last;
Somehow since I have kissed thee
Love's bitter-sweet farewell,
Somehow, but I have missed thee
As tongue can never tell.

Somehow, beloved, I trace thee
In every leaf and flower;
Somehow my fancies place me
Back in your humble bower;
Somehow, such love I bore thee,
Love that can never die!
Somehow, but I deplore thee,
And you alone know why.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

'T WERE vain to string my harp again,
Since naught but discord doth remain;
So, woman fair, thy tender plea
Suspend to lisp again to me.
The chords I knew, the songs I sung
Have left my wild-harp now unstrung.
No more its shell so oft abused
Shall answer to a world confused.
So, fair one, pray some simpler task
Of lasting strength, my favor ask,
A more domestic useful art,
Where hands are gracious to the heart;
No sonnet with no meaning, save
Some fourteen lines that need a grave.

EVENTIDE.

IT is evetide, the hour that ushered me
 Into the night of time, Eternity.
Therefore I love, though loving far too well,
 The smothered sound of life's sweet vesper
 bell.
Hail, hallowed hour, sublime to me and calm;
 More sacred is thy voice than David's psalm.
Under thy watch-light, hope's radiant star,
 I view the trackless realms of beauty far;
 Unimaginable reality,
Blest fount of love, I drink, I drink of thee
 My fill, and hold communion sweetly now
 With thee, blest shade, that cools my burn-
 ing brow.
Move to my heart my child-faith, peace re-
 store,
 Until I thirst for life and earth no more.

SUNSET FROM MY WINDOW.

LIKE the whisper of an unspoken thought,
Alas, how sinks the melting day from
view.
Light clouds, envapored rains of ocean-blue,
Round many beams of light refulgent
caught
By those light winds that breathe a twilight
song
And waft their own sweet breath with them
above.
O God, O love, I thank thee for this long;
My passions rise, I envy but the dove,
Who, in his careless flight ten steeples high,
Can view the slow decline, (denied to me,)
Of that day star, whose beamings do supply
The life of love and hope for destiny.
Then sink, thy Maker made another light
Thy substitute throughout the darkest
night.

UNCROWNED PRINCESS.

UNCROWNED princess, name of angels,
Art thou mortal, mortal still?
Framed in beauty—beauty fadeth.
Oh, and thou, alas, must will
Golden lock and eye, that shadeth
Nothing earthly that is ill,
To the cold, cold wind that rageth
On the bleak and barren hill.
Oh, thy Maker, He that pinneth
Beings on the soil of Eve,
Should have known the world that winneth
Such a paragon would grieve
At her parting as all mortals
Must the summons once receive.

As a star above the waters,
'Trembling o'er the silent deep,
Looking earthward, hope that beameth,
Shining where the shadows creep,
Ever waking, still thou seemest
Like an angel in her sleep.
And within thine eyes there gleameth
Tears that strive but cannot weep,
Tears that check the tear that falleth
Where the throbs of grief uprise,

Shedding a cool balm that calleth
Fever from the weeping eyes,
O thou queen of lowly mortals,
Fitted more for paradise.

Paradise's seal is on thee,
On thy lips and on thy hair,
Beauty's robe, and harp that playeth
Tunes unrivaled, faultless, rare,
Now await thee, heaven sayeth,
Thou of earth, the fairest fair.
Claimed by mortal, he who prayeth
Thy reprieve from glory's share.
One short season, one that shineth
Where truth's heart is wont to feel
All thy beauty only lineth
All that of thee is but real,
All that conquers sin, and mortal—
Love the grave cannot conceal.

Wert thou for the turf created
Sad thy destiny I trow
Bitter truth, grim death defieth
All my love—hopes here below.
Loved one, list! (My soul replieth
To my heart-pulse song of woe.)
“Move not restless, though she dieth;
It is best that she should go.”
Yet in grief my spirit soweth,
For the knock is at thy door
And the wilder-wind that bloweth
Lifts thee yet uncrowned before
Till at last when we poor mortals
Meet as angels evermore.

I KNOW THAT IT IS WRONG, THIS
WISH.

(Lament.)

I KNOW that it is wrong, this wish,
 But, oh I do so long for sleep.
Now since all that to me is dear,
 All that of life I held more deep,
 Lies buried here, lies buried here.

I know the gay world still moves on,
But, oh, why must the weary one?
Yet weariness to me were bliss
 If where thou art I could be won
 Away from this, away from this.

I know the cold sod wraps thee now,
But, oh, why came the day so soon?
Why were it not as I could bear:
 Thou here, or I within thy tomb,
 As peaceful there, as peaceful there.

I know the day sometime shall come,
But, oh, 'tis now I long for rest,
'Tis now my heart-pulses implore;
 They cannot beat but from thy breast,
 Yet shall no more, yet shall no more.

44 I KNOW THAT IT IS WRONG, THIS WISH.

I know that it is wrong, this wish,
But, oh, can mortal-mind refrain?
Although I know that thou art free,
Were it a sin to wish again
To be with thee, to be with thee?

LINES TO A FAIR STRANGER.

BLESS you, oh, could my lyre swell
The tranquil chords my bosom bears,
How sweetly would its notes foretell
The hopes I dare not breathe in prayer.
Such music then might stir thy soul
And win for me thy tender breast;
'Tis this I seek—that sweet control
Where half love's fears are put at rest.

But, as it is, the wild winds roar;
My bassoon's notes dare mock the breeze;
Their discord chafes my heart till sore
And sinks my bark on darkened seas.
Obdurate in my heart there grows
A longing that I can not waive.
I live, but living,—heaven knows!—
A corse fit for a meaner grave.

This season of suspense and pain,
 Ah, were it but a season's clime,
I well might bear its falling rain
 In knowing there's a change sometime,
In knowing that this tear should cease
 As winter spends itself by spring;
So would I trust, though winds increase,
 To bend the bough on which I cling.

For after all the summer's breeze
 Of love should cool my burning brow
And whisper sweet low melodies
 In strains I yearn so madly now,
What would these bitter pangs then be
 But jewels in my crown of love,
Since they have borne so long for thee
 On rocks that billows cannot move.

But still, ah still, the veil is low;
 The future's shadows move ahead.
What clime is raging, I would know,
 In paths where I am wont to tread?
Why must as creatures we appall
 Behind time's great, alluring beam,
And in its shadows dare and fall,
 To find life's hope a transient dream?

Yet in my fervored soul I trust
 My abject form to sin so prone,
To Him, in whom all creatures must,
 For mankind dare not walk alone.
Alone, alone, how cheerless cold
 That word of more than passing sound!
It chills my soul when I am told
 Alone must I return to ground.

Away! I will not list to these,
Nor strew such seed on fallowed soil;
Too soon perhaps my blood shall freeze
And end my pilgrimage of toil.
But while life's goblet's blush and smart
Give me my portion of its wine,
That portion still should fill my heart
In knowing that thou art but mine—

Mine till the setting sun of life
Shall stay the passions o'er the bowl
And call to arms, no more in strife,
The terrene labors of the soul.
Till then alas, alas for me,
What light can penetrate the gloom,
What pinion bear my hope from thee
Except the key note of my tomb?

WHEN I EMBRACE THEE.

WHEN I embrace thee,
It is the world,
The things I love;
All else beyond thee
Is such of life
I know not of.

When I embrace thee,
It is my soul
That cannot die;
All else within me;
Is made of death.
Oh, glad am I.

HOW STRANGELY SAD I FEEL TO-
NIGHT.

HOW strangely sad I feel to-night!
And, yet, I have no cause to be.
No sorrow storms my inward breast;
All that I know is harmony,
Save for the rest, save for the rest.

The rest? forgive if here I fail;
My beating heart scarce knows its own.
The rest? what can that remnant mean?
And who can know, least I alone,
What rolls between, what rolls between?

What rolls between, betwixt, aye, what?
Between that peace I do not know,
Myself confused, and that to be
The rest of which I wonder so?
This conquers me, this conquers me.

And conquered, in the rock-bound cave,
Where hies the guilty soul from view,
In quiet, where the heart and soul
May wrestle with the combat through,
I mourn the whole, I mourn the whole.

Yet, baffled by the deeper cause,
As babes who trust the mother-breast,
I lay me down to slumbers light,
And leave to Him who knows the rest
Wherefore my heart is sad to-night.

A BALLAD OF THE DAY.

R ESERVED in a measure,
Reluctant and shy,
Assuming a treasure
Man never can buy—
Thus have I known thee,
Thou being of light,
Thy caprice has shown me
The shadow of night.

We met in the gloaming,
The deep twilight hush,
And night found us roaming,
Where hearts were in blush.
I whispered thee only.
Would I had forborne!
For thought makes me lonely,
And love wails forlorn.

Rich lustre adorns thee,
But I know thy heart;
'Tis birth-pride that scorns me—
'Tis fashion to part.
Wealth grins low between us,
Pride fosters its power,
While suffering unseen thus,
You pine in your bower.

Reserved in a measure,
Ah, well it might be.
I'll help you with pleasure
And make you right free.
Adieu, then, reserved be,
Reluctant and shy,
Assuming a treasure
Man never can buy.

AS THE DAY, SO IS MY LIFE.

A S the day, so is my life;
As the rain so I subsist,
As the winds, cold winds that rave.
Wherefore would my soul resist?
Wherefore would I shun the grave
When it leads beyond the mist?

As the day, so is my heart,
Falling leaves deep in the wold;
As the wind my woes invade
And deface my human mould.
Twill avail earth's flower to fade
If beyond 'twill bloom, I'm told.

As the day, so is my soul,
Yet my sorrows more accrue,
Than winds or rain, timely brought:
These must perish; these ensue,
Better days, and pleasant thought,
But my soul is weary through.

As the day, thus let life be,
Lily-beds or beds of snow.
All things good may seem aloof,
But in life beyond we know
In our heart's a constant proof
Of the place to which we go.

FORGIVE ME, LOVE.

FORGIVE me, love,
If when I rise
Thy image is not in my eyes.

Forgive me, love,
At noon of day,
If my thoughts are too far away.

Forgive me, love,
At dead of night,
If thy soul gives to mine no light.

Forgive me, love,
When I am weak
And other words than love do speak.

Forgive me, love,
My stubborn will,
That never can surmount the hill.

Forgive me, love,
That I may live;
Forgive, as I would still forgive.

ABSENCE.

A MELODY of love-bells,
A soft refrain
From out of the silence
Cheers me again;

An anthem of gratitude,
Since mine thou art,
True in thy faithfulness,
Near or apart;

An ode of contenting trust,
A sonnet for thee,
Borne on the while between,
Love, you and me;

A hymn to the mighty space
Twixt us to-night,
Sung from thy soul to mine
Till we unite.

A DANDELION.

“**H**E loves me, he loves me not,”
Sang a little maid,
Blowing at a dandelion
In the summer shade.
Gentle winds caressed her brow,
Birds sang overhead,
And a busy bumblebee
Heard the words she said.

“He loves me, he loves me not—
Ah! still there are more.
Green’s the ivy on the tree,
Low’s the wave on shore.
Fly, ye white-winged fairies, fly,
I have three to blow.
Then upon the summer wind,
E’en my soul will go.”

“He loves me—the stem is bare.
Joy! he’s true to me.
Sweet’s the peace within my heart,
Calm’s the wave at sea.
Fly, ye white-winged fairies, fly,
Out into the west.
Tell my sailor of your stem
Pinned upon my breast.”

THE RAINY DAY.

HI GH and low, and far and near,
Dark the sky so cold and drear.
Rippling rains are falling mad;
Here the world is dark and sad.
Winds are whistling down the street,
Urging on the weary feet.
Clouds are clashing with each other.
Oh! but it is windy weather.
See the beggar hug his cloak,
Whom the gamin does provoke.
There the boofblack, barefoot Jim,
Chucks the beggar on the chin.
There is Nell the drunkard's child
Weeping, innocent and mild.
Winds are mad with one another—
Oh! but it is windy weather
Now the toiler, bent and low,
Homeward from his work doth go,
Thinking of his humble roof,
Where the winds have no reproof;
Glad his labor day is done,
Glad the night of rest begun.
Winds are beating with each other—
Oh! but it is windy weather.

I SHALL USE NO CHARM TO WIN THEE.

I SHALL use no charm to win thee,
Though thy love may be at stake.
Truth shall find no felon in me;
I'll be faithful for your sake.

Other lovers may adore thee,
Winsome gestures falsely play;
But my life shall move before thee
In its right and simple way.

Truth, tho' tried and sorely shaken,
Conquers, though it be too late,
Thou mayest love, yet not awaken
Till within the hour of fate.

Yet, beloved, if still you love me,
Bid love's whims to quickly fly,
Trusting more a heart that moves thee
In a way that cannot die.

THE HEART I LOVE IS BEATING YET.

THE heart I love is beating yet:
Long years I thought it still;
And oft I reveled to forget
The angel of my will.

Above my couch a spirit sped,—
I could not break my vow,—
And for the one I wept as dead
My soul is joyful now.

In foreign realms on land or sea,
However long the stay,
If love be true, the heart must be
Consistent till decay.

The heart I love is beating yet:
Long years was death my guard;
And tho' mine eyes with tears were wet,
Love smiles a dear reward.

SOLITUDE.

To—

SOLITUDE, sweet sabbath of the soul,
Sweetest when vesper bells noise to the
night,
Though't hint the close of that most terrene
day
Wherein the heart has felt the pain of life,
Rapture my soul, infuse thy soothing theme,
And breathe thy cool, sweet winds upon my
brow
That I may weep. Such winds have power to
move
When with them come the floods of thought
divine,
Have even power to move a heart like mine,
Whose chords attuned vibrate to sounds of
glee,
But now whose notes are tempered by the
breeze
On whose light wing lamenting farewells roll.

And, be it thus, like sun beams hearts must
set—

A final close awaits each ebbing hope.
And so my doom is set, my woe begun,
My death-seed sown, my life deflowered of
bloom.

Shall I complain, are wailings for the best?
Or is the silent grief a sign of pain?

To ask a gay world thus were shame to death.
Therefore to thee, and to thy peaceful vale,
Blest solitude, reminder of the past,
I come in whisper lest the world might hear.

Men boast to quaff the burning wine gives
rest—

To burn the brain, and make the senses reel,
To taste, and smell of fumes, and then forget,
Forget, Oh, what oblivion in dreams!—
Dreams that besiege and work the fevered
brain

To that high pitch where man is not himself.
Woe be to me that remedy from pain!

Ah no, if stupor tends me to forget,
I, of all men would shun the sparkling glass,
And suffer pain for them that bear for me.
So shall I live but you shall be my guide,

Sweet solitude, teach me thy alphabet
That I may learn to bear and to forbear
Each pulse-beat prone to rage within my breast,
Each sorrow doomed to intervene my joy.
Thy avenues are wide, and lined with green,
Imbued with vernal flowers and cypress wild;
And thy soft wind can cool my fevered brow,
Can turn my carnal-eye to sacred forms,
And in thy breezes whisper—"Death is life."
Such thoughts would I employ and such
create;
So take me now, thy twin friend I would be.

Ah, yes, too soon ere many morrows cease,
With thee, sweet soul, that flittest on thy way,
I shall my burden wreck, and stretch my limbs,
And breathe the breath whose sigh preceed-
eth none.
I know not then, but now 'twere sweet to pass
As lightly from this world as first I came,
Since thou art fled, thou source of all to me.
I, too, would fly, fly far beyond the mist
Beyond the horizon, above the skies,
Anywhere, everywhere, God knows where
best,

Enough with wailings, the mill must ever grind,
On fancy's loom such silken chords may spin,
But in life the real is still sublime—

We sow, we reap, we love, we die, and then,
Ah, then, 'tis time to feel to know the worst.

The best, or aught that is in store for me;
But oh, still must I wail, lament for thee.

Life still is void without its rays of love,
Ah, yes, too soon, and days not years were mine,
In which my life arose. God must it close!
Must I so soon view from the rugged height
The sunset in whose beams my hopes were
born?

ULTRAMUNDANE.

TWILIGHT and sunset
And deeper shades for me
Shall keep me in the peaceful glade
Where I so long to be.
Sunset and shadows
And all that tends to make
The world as when you left it
I love them for your sake.

Zephyrs and mild-winds
And mournful sounds for me
Bring back the buried echoes
That warbled once in thee.
Calm seas, and white sails
Bedim my weary eye,
For, Love, you were an angel,
A ship just passing by.

Dead flowers and tresses,
All that remains of thee,
A faded scroll of treasured lore,
Love's sweetest memory.
Sunset and shadows
And love's own evening star
Make the world as when you left it,
So you cannot tarry far.

UP THE SILVER TOMBIGBEE.

UP the silver Tombigbee
Southern winds had wafted me,
As the tide my heart was free,
 O my fairy angel!
Lightly sailed my birch-canoe
On the waters deep and blue,
Till your dream-boat came in view,
 O my fairy angel!

Would the tide would turn again:
I might find the lost refrain,
For I dream of thee in vain,
 O my fairy angel!
Lost is all the peace I knew,
Constant dreams revert to you,
Nothing can my hope renew,
 O my fairy angel!

Up, up with the silver tide
To the source so deep and wide,
With a heart, but with no bride,
 O my fairy angel!
There is still one balm for me,
That my mind may feast on thee
Through the long eternity,
 O my fairy angel!

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

MY love for thee, is more than love;
Breadth hath no bound, nor depth a
base,
Nor height a canopy above:
My being breathes unending space.

In dreams I knew thee ere we met;
Now dreams are past and life is real.
No power can teach me to forget
The love I know, the touch I feel.

Love, smile, and all my sorrows flee;
Weep, if you must, tears are divine.
No change of mood can harrow me;
No virtue make thee more than mine.

Time was with me as it is now,
And ever will be but the same,
A laurel weaved to fit thy brow,
An endless song to praise thy name.

My love for thee, Thy love for me,
Are wrought on God's great forge, as one
With wings plumed for eternity,
With lips to voice life's victory won.

INDIAN SUMMER.

YE chirping birds,
Sweet tuned, at war,
Ye Indian summer
Tranquil days,
What human heart
Can now discard
Thy full-fledged beams
And anthem lays?
What soft winds from
A southern shore
Blow vainly by
This northern sea?
What floweret blush
To bloom once more
Ere this fair cline
Shall cease to be?

Ye golden hours,
Again returned
As some sweet dream
Unto a bride,
Who mourns to think
Her heart's love spurned,
Yet smiles the while
Her tears are dried.
We hail thee,
Echo of the past,
And bless thee for
The zephyr-breeze,
For kiss returned
Before the blast,
For smiles between
The naked trees.

THE HARVEST.

THE first low wail of the waning year.
Is a sad and lonely sound to hear,
When one sees through the gathering mist
The teeming fields, by the sickle kissed,
Laid low in their blazoned gorgeous dress,
In mild contentment, and loveliness.

When low on the breeze the reaper's song
Grows faint, as the autumn nights grow long,
When chill vapors in the sylvan grove
Gather as tears from the eyes of love,
And the landscape round with hectic bloom
Smiles as in sadness from out her tomb.

When the breath-wind sighs deep o'er the wold
And the storm-wind moans, and days grow
cold,
When the blue-bird prunes his wings for flight
And the ground-hog hies from the world of
light,
Ah then, with the crop and stipend good
My yearning soul, art thou understood?

When the dews of heaven bedeck the grain
And the harvest past blooms not again,
Methinks in the light of all terrene,
No sad, more sweet, more heavenly scene.
Oh, would that my pen could paint the soil
Where man joins hands with his God in toil.

Then when this rife scene looms o'er the brink
Of my last days, and, I'm wont to think
Of the cold sepulchre's sullen shade,
In whose dark cell I must once be laid,
Oh, may I then, as the sheaves in dress,
Receive, the "Well done" in loveliness.

DON'T GO YET.

WHEN the clock has struck eleven,
With its ringing wild alarm,
Don't you wish that it were seven,
 With her clinging to your arm?
But it is another story,
When your feet are cold, and wet—
Don't it make you mad, to hear her
 Softly whisper, "Don't go yet?"

When the clock strikes twelve so loudly,
That it fairly shakes your heart,
And you say in softest accents,
 "It is really time to start."
But it is another story,
When your winsome little pet—
Puts her little arms around you,
 Saying softly "Don't go yet."

One the clock strikes, all is silent;
Not a mouse is there astir,
And she sleeps upon your bosom,
 While you only look at her.
But it is another story
 Of the sleep that you will get;
You must stay and hear her whisper
 "If you love me, don't go yet."

Time goes on, and Two is striking.
Be more patient, lover dear,
There are many places for you,
But the dearest place is here.
Still there is another story;
You must never once forget,
There are some who have no sweetheart,
Who will whisper "Don't go yet."

WHO HAS A BETTER RIGHT?

If you have a little sweetheart,
One who kicks when you pursue,
When you kiss, or when you hug her,
Just as you should always do;
Or when you turn the gas so low
That it scarcely gives a light,
Then if she kicks, just whisper,—
“Who has a better right?”

If her little silken shoe-lace
Open when upon the street,
And you stoop to tie it for her,
Kissing both her little feet,
Then if you should gaze upon them,
With a sort of sweet delight,
Smile when she kicks, and whisper,—
“Who has a better right?”

If at times you feel like hugging
As you never did before,
Don’t be backward, but repeat it
Till your muscle’s weak and sore.
There’s a world of joy in wooing
When you kiss, and hug her tight,
For if she kicks, just whisper,—
“Who has a better right?”

If at times you call her pet-names,
Such as dearie, or as wife,
Don't be fearful when she scolds you;
She is all to you in life.
For if you do what you should do
All for love to make life bright,
She'll join your darling whisper,—
“Who has a better right?”

THE ASSURANCE.

SAYS I, "Darling do you love me?"
Says I, "Darling, are you true?
If you hold no heart above me,
 Prove it darling prove it, do!
End this cru'l suspense and longing;
 Start not, though I may repent;
Let my midnight see a dawning;
 Let me feel your heart's intent."

Says I, "Darling, do you love me?
 It is time my heart should know
If you hold no one above me,
 Darling, loved one, tell me so.
Sweep aside our style of wooing;
 Social sets' may like that best,
But to-night my heart is suing
 For my soul's suspended rest."

Says I, "Darling, do you love me?
Says I, "Prove it, is it well?
If you hold no soul above me
 End this constant cruel spell."
Then with heart aglow I kissed her
 Lips so sweet without a stain,
While she coyly whispered "Mister—
 You may kindly call again."

THE PENALTIES.

THINE is a patient love,
Enduring much for me,
Entreating, when I falter—
A tear's the penalty.

Thine is a changeless love,
Enduring change in me,
Steadfast as a sunbeam—
A sigh's the penalty.

Thine is a faithful love,
Enduring scorn in me,
Still as a fond forgiver—
A smile's the penalty.

Thine is a worthy love,
Enduring all in me,
Returning, good for evil—
A kiss's the penalty.

YOU HADN'T OUGHT TO.

WHEN tempted in weakness,
What power these words brew
In the heart of my soul,
"You hadn't ought to."

They've strengthened my spirit,
When mockery beguiled,
And made me the hero,
And not the defiled.

They've cheered me in sadness,
A task to be true,
But they sounded so sweet,
I had to smile too.

They've guided, and warned me,
When mostly oppressed,
And given my wild soul
A pillow for rest.

But still is it wondrous,
Or still is it less,
Just why these words cheer me?—
I'll leave you to guess.

But if you've a sweetheart
You'll know as I do,
Then, if you should blame me,
“You hadn't ought to.”

PROPOSAL AT SEA.

WE were sailing, only we,
In a dainty little ship,
And I murmured, "Ah, for me
Just to kiss her rosy lip!"
We were sailing, only we,
Friends in bliss there side by side,
And I murmured, "Ah, for me,
If she were my bonnie bride."

We were sailing, only we,
Now the day was passing by,
And I murmured, "Ah, that we
Might together live and die."
We were sailing, only we;
Now the moon began to shine,
And I murmured, "Ah, for me,
Would that she were only mine."

We were sailing, only we;
Now the waves they meekly stirred;
And I murmured, "Ah for me
Just to speak that little word."

We were sailing, only we;
Now I faltered at her side,
And I pleaded, "Ah, for me,
Just to have you for my bride."

We were sailing, only we;
Now the waves did madly roar,
And she fiercely cried to me,
"Take me quickly back to shore."
We were sailing, only we,
Backward to the dreary shore,
And I murmured "Woe is me!
Now I'll sail with her no more."

THREE KISSES.

O H, how many of life's tragedies
Begin with a kiss
When the first faint tinge of blushes
Kindles to a flame of bliss!
Then 'tis time for friends to wonder
 If they both are true,
If the God of tender mercy
 Gave them of his wisdom too;
If the kindly stars of heaven
 Do not fear their light,
Then, ah kiss, you foolish lovers,
 For who has a better right?
But in kissing heed my council,
 Guard the red-lip-line;
Other lips may mar the pollen
 On the rose thou claim'st as thine.
Rivals in the guise of friendship,
 Praise you for your prize,
But with your retreating foot steps
 Each one to her bosom hies.
Deep's the nest, and high's the tree-top
 Free from guilt or stain,
If so's yours, you foolish lovers,
 Kiss, and kiss, and kiss again.

Kissing's not the art of wooing;
 Wooing is a style;
Just as women choose their dress-wear,
 So they choose to pass the while.
Men should learn to know their sweethearts
 Ere they swing the bow,
Ere they aim with Cupid's arrow,
 Striking where? they do not know.
There is danger, here's the warning;
 Listen to my song:
Who should know but you, O lovers
 If a kiss is right or wrong?
 Judas.
Oh, how many of life's tragedies
 Begin with a kiss!
When a Judas like an angel
 Covets with a smothered hiss.
Innocence, a prey to beauty,
 Flattered by the charm,
Little dreamis that ere the sunset
 Deep her breast will know alarm,
Little weans that ere the morning
 She shall feel the pain,
Pain that wrecks her life forever
 In the kiss that leaves a stain.
Trace the taint and see it flourish,
 Hush, and follow me;
See yon mother, bowed in anguish
 On her gelid bended knee;
See yon brother—who would know him?
 God, can it be true?
Is this all the work of Judas?
 Is this what a kiss can do?

Aye, alas, comes back the echo
Like a mournful wail,
Like the sound of smothered music
Of the kiss that has a tale;
There's a grave yard near the village
Decked with slabs of stone,
But away, far from that grandeur,
Is a humble grave unknown:
There she sleeps, the prey of Judas,
By the world laid there.
How she died and why she perished,
Could a world of pleasure care?
Who shall pay her price for mercy
On the judgment day?
Who but he, who helped to damn her
When he kissed her hope away?
Mother.
Oh, how many of life's tragedies
Begin with a kiss!
But a mother's stills the tempest
More than mortal can surmise.
Not till those fond lips are silenced
And the touch be dead,
Not till wafted on life's billow
Is their treasured value read.
From the trundle-bed of mercy
To her grave, or thine,
Tho' depressed and oft heart-trodden,
Still her kiss is all divine.
Nothing can remit the beatings
That her heart must know
When her lips are fondly pressing
On the one's she covets so.

Life has not a touch so tender,
Nor a sense more true;
Death has not a fonder solace:
 Brother, let this bear on you.
Scoff not at her soft entreaties
 Whispered for your good:
Hold in esteem all her wishes;
 Let her soul be understood.
Love must have a sign to prove it—
 Where is one more sweet?
Other whims may serve the purpose,
 But the lip's the soul's retreat.
Then, when her fond heart is beating,
 Such love never fails;
Answer back with sweet protection,
 One as manly never quails.
Hold her kiss a seal as holy
 One can yet bestow,
For its symbol smiles to heaven
 “Where you tarry I must go.”

O'CONNOR BELLS.

D^O you hear those bells, O'Reilly?
List how sweet their melody;
They repeat the tunes of blessing,
Tunes that are so dear to me.

Do you know those bells, O'Reilly,
Sound the same as long ago?
Only now their notes sink deeper,
Somewhat like a song of woe.

For you know, don't ye, O'Reilly,
How my heart long years ago
With my Mary's was united
For the good priest made it so.

On that moonlight night O'Reilly,
As beside that bride o'mine,
Sweetly rang these bells O'Connor,
Wedding bells with mellow chime.

And when now, just now, O'Reilly,
As I hear these sweet bells ring,
They bring back the heart o' Mary
In her grave a-mouldering.

Wedding bells, sweet bells, O'Reilly,
List how sweet their melody!
Ringing their eternal blessing,
Opening a wound for me.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

LOOK up, thou pretty shepherd lass,
Forget the sheep a-grazing,
Forget the world and let it pass,
And listen to my praising.
There's life within thy sparkling e'e,
Though I'm a city rover,
Oh could their lashes shadow me,
I'd be a faithful lover.

There's music in the gentle stream,
The past storms' benediction;
Thy hovel is a palace dream,
To me love's sweet conviction;
Thy bleating lambs are guards divine,
Which round the sheep-folds hover.
Oh, would their home alike were mine
I'd be a happy lover.

The gentle kiss o' summer's breath,
More welcome than my garret,
Oh, to go back were worse than death:
My heart could never bear it.
So, shepherd o' the bonnie hills,
Make me thy constant drover.
I swear, by all thy spirit wills,
To be a faithful lover.

AS YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME.

To A Friend.

FRIEND of my soul, whose pensive eye
Has opened unto me
More mysteries than I dare defy,
More truth than sympathy;
My wayward step might wander on,
My careless heart be free,
And few should care to interpose
As you have done for me.

Tho' thou did'st move a tender chord
In this cold breast of mine,
I dare not lisp a grateful word
Or count you as divine;
I only know my conscience's clear,
And feel that I am strong,
Since you've thought best to intervene
When I was doing wrong.

When other hearts and other hands
Had wearied of my care,
You saw it fit to break the bands
And warn me to beware.
You knew my spirit's love of life,
And feared that I might rue,
So came like one to intercede
Lest I might perish too.

'Tis true, the while my spirits rose
 And high ambition's flame,
In watching some weak mimic pose
 Or glory in his shame;
But ere the curtain fell each night,
 Some voice would whisper low,
Some unseen hand would intercept,
 And gently, tell me, "No!"

Thus may I on life's troubled brine,
 When angry surges roll,
Receive some word as true as thine
 To ease my trited soul.
And when, if ere, I do forget,
 And long for all that's vain,
A thought of thee shall intersperse
 And cheer my heart again.

Then, still for thee, my conscious breast
 Shall breathe a song of praise,
And lightly shall remembrance rest
 On all my future days.
I'm grateful for your simple fear
 That turned me home from sea,
For few should care to interpose
 As you have done for me.

ULLABY OF A DYING MOTHER.

SOFT and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Hush my baby, all is right;
There will be no storm to-night—
Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow,
Ere my dying breath depart,
Rest thee closer to my heart—
Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Baby's dearest place on earth
Is the bosom of its birth—
Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Oh, my babe, I weep for thee;
Storms shall soon enrage the sea—
Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

Soft and low, soft and low,
Blow gently, blow, winds, blow.
Though your day be dark or bright,
Kiss, my babe, we part to-night—
Blow, winds, softly, blow, winds, blow.

WAIL OF A NIGHT.

IN the gloomy hour of twilight,
Homeward from my toil I trod,
Weary with the noise of labor,
Careless of a friendly nod,
Looking only forward, weary,
Sadly on the withered sod.

All the care of day has left me,
Like the sun on yonder hill,
Sinking slowly in the west sea,
Leaving here a darkness still,
Leaving here within my bosom
Nothing but a bitter chill.

Onward, weary, as a lost one,
As a dreamer bowing low,
Caring little where I tarry,
Wishing deeper not to know,
Wishing only I might journey
Where the saintly spirits go.

Deep the evening shades around me
 Wrap me in their terrene gloom,
Lure me to the darkest portal
 Of my soul's enchanted room,
Where my lighter hopes are buried
 In a darksome, unknown tomb;

In a tomb by memory guarded,
 In a dim, dark lonely wood,
In a silent land of qui'tness
 Where the heart is understood,
Where the stillness is unbroken,
 And the wicked mourn the good;

Where the past is all forgiven,
 And the present knows no fear,
Where affection is rewarded
 By a thought surpassing dear,
Where the bosom of the faithful
 Is remembered with a tear;

Where the rain of joy and sorrow
 Beat upon its mossy door,
Beat upon the past eternal,
 Where my hopes have bloomed before,
Where the deeds of the departed
 Are forgotten nevermore.

Here, within these walls, I've entered,
 Not to tear the solemn past,
But in answer to the summons
 Of my sad thoughts falling fast,
To a dear voice, now a still one,
 Which is silenced in the blast.

Walls of crystal, walks of granite
Border round the chasm's side,
Gleam and sparkle like a planet
 Of the welkin deep and wide,
Like the ghost-light of a candle
 Burning for my silent bride.

On a horse of rude upholster,
 On two slabs of granite stone,
In a room without an exit,
 There my loved-one lies alone,
There she sleeps, whose soul is wanting,
 But whose clay is still my own.

Dew drops on her garb of samite
 Prove a mirror to my soul;
In their orbs reflect the sorrow
 Death has written on my scroll;
In their orbs I read each morrow
 How my future life shall roll.

Watches may disturb the wicked,
 When the watch is o'er the dead,
When the casket throws a shadow
 Of a form whose soul is fled,
When the candle dankly flickers,
 And the last low prayer is said.

Many passions move the temper,
 But to-night my soul is calm;
Something of the past disarms me
 To the nature of a lamb;
Something like a Benediction,
 Or good David's shepherd psalm,

Save my head is unanointed,
Rod, nor staff, nor guide have I,
And my cup nor runneth over,
Nor in pastures green I lie,
Nor is table spread before me—
Dare I hope to question why?

Parched my lips and fever stricken,
Longing for a change of mind,
For a well spring, deep and deeper
Than the slough of human kind:
Thus, I thirst and creep and falter
For the need I can not find.

Dead one, loved one, cold and palsied,
All my life I give to thee;
Dead am I, as dead as thou art,
Since thy soul has gone from me,
Since mine eyes scan the horizon
Of a deep, and shoreless sea.

Life is deep, but death is deeper;
Here my mournful wail must end.
It is morning, and the day-break
Do my fears' somewhat amend.
All my tears in vapor vanish
Where nought can the soul offend.

Out, out from the tomb of sorrow,
Back into the world again,
From the silent land of qui'tness,
To the turmoil of the vain,
From the stillness ne'er unbroken,
To the heart-rent sound of pain;

From the dark enchanted portals,
From the dead-sea of the night,
From the secret place of sorrow,
To the grosser shame of light,
To the combat with a brother,
To the thickest of the fight;

From the horse of rude upholster,
From the slabs of granite stone,
From the room without an exit,
I must face the world alone,
I must smile as if no sorrow
Ever in my heart were known;

From the tear-drenched garb of samite,
From the casket's icy pall,
From the loved form low within it,
To the world's ungracious call,
To the factory's noisy whistle,
To the hammer's ringing fall.

I have said enough with wailing;
Yet, ah, yet, I weep and wail,
Just as if it stilled the moving
Of my ship's unanxious sail;
Tis so sweet to hear the soft wind,—
Sorrow, sorrow, do not fail!

“Linger still one moment longer,
Linger yet one moment more,”
Pleads the sad, uncertain rustle
Of the tomb’s encurtained door;
Pleads the echo of her last words,
Sweeter now than e’er before.

Still beloved, farewell forever,
Backward to my toil I trod,
Back to win the bread I shun so
For the ones who love my nod,
Back to earn the rose of summer
That may wither on your sod.

MY WINGLESS ANGEL.

(Irregular.)

I WILL not call you an angel:
 Of thee I cannot lie;
But, forgive, thou dost resemble
 More than the passing by.
Thy long, light flowing ringlets
 A seraph might possess;
So I'll call thee Wingless' Angel
 While on a world like this.

How came you to this region,
 Unstained, and so slender?
And what gentle soft wind
 Bore thee so tender?
Who named thee, who framed thee
 So perfect and supreme?
And from what isle of beauty
 Came ye to my dream?

One woment, I was lifted
From a world of gloom,
With thy soul that drifted
Towards the pallid moon,
Drifted swiftly, burdened only
With my bleeding heart.
Wilt thou e'er return it to me
Sweet angel as thou art?

Not as an angel, lightly
Winged as the snow-white dove,
But in the charming beauty,
Created but to love,
Return to this cold bosom,
Or tender thine instead,
For one without a true heart
Had better far be dead.

So I'll not call thee an angel,
But twixt hope and fear,
Wait with a patient longing
To have thy presence near;
And, when life's day is ended,
Nought else would I possess,
But the dream that we together
Might fly a world like this.

VIOLETS.

VIOLET sweet violet,
Love, I love you true;
Green's the wood, I must forget
Treaded oft by you.
Violets wild, wild before,
Painted from your eyes;
Violets your spirit bore
Fresh from Paradise.

Did we dream as we do now?
Hope and beauty fade.
Why, then, did I deck your brow
When my soul forbade?
Love, you were a dream to me,
Like a flower in May,
More to my soul's destiny
Than the narrow way.

Violet, poor violet,
Child of tenderness,
Fonder hopes of life beset
Your dream of happiness.
Scarce I blame thy soul to rest.
Still, can you be gay,
With the red-blue on your breast,
Turning unto gray?

FORBIDDEN FRUIT..

E DEN hath an apple-tree
Still for my lot.
Love, believe, I love but thee,
Tho' wooing not.
In thy glance my spirits rise;
Yet am I mute,
For thou art of paradise,
Forbidden fruit.

Adam's rib, full fair as thou,
Walked by his side,
E'en perchance as thou dost now,
Tho' not my bride.
Pure his heart beat in her breast,
E'en as mine beat,
Save mine knows no soothing rest
To him so sweet.

“Forbidden still,” God has said
 Softly to me;
“Thy love shall another wed
 Dearer than thee.
“Bid thy fainting heart be still
 Sooth, thou, thy soul;
In the light of His own will
 Thou art made whole.

Eve walked in to Adams lair,
 Thou out of mine;
Fair One, dearest of the fair,
 Still I am thine.
Hush, thou, heart, so prone to break,
 Love would do right;
Bid the angel of thy wake
 A last good-night.

REMEMBER THE MAINE.

SONS of Freemen, pass the cry
Man to man—Who'll question why?
Is there one who dare reply?

Remember the Maine!
Break the might of Spanish claim,
For her yokes are all the same.
Let us prove that we are game.

Remember the Maine!

Men hold that revenge is sweet
We are right the Dons we'll meet
Ours the vict'ry, theirs defeat.

Remember the Maine!
Yield no straw unto the foe;
Strike and lay their banner low;
Make them pay the price of woe.

Remember the Maine!

Honor's price can not be paid
Till the tyrant's hand be staid,
Till their mercy plea be made.

Remember the Maine!
Blood for blood's a righteous boast;
Here's the seal, and here's the toast;
Here's to God we love the most.

Remember the Maine!

Music by Henry Corneilius.

SAN JUAN.

D^O you know I felt like weeping
When I saw our laddies sweeping,
When I saw our laddies leaping,
Up the heights of San Juan?
Do you know the tears came streaming
When I heard the cannons screaming,
When I knew the dreadful meaning,
Up the heights of San Juan?

Do you know I felt like sighing
When I saw the wounded dying,
When I saw the dead-ones lying
On the heights of San Juan?
Do you know my blood was burning,
And my inmost soul was yearning
For the comrades not returning
From the heights of San Juan?

ANSELMAS PHANCIANCOIS.

“COLOR guard,” the colonel said;
“The rebel will watch for you.
He’ll make a target of your head
And split it right in two.
So, let me say that, when to-night
The ambushed foes appear,
And when the charge is made to fight,
Man! hold the colors near.
Spring to the front and wave them high,
Where rebel eyes can see,
Where Union hearts shall dare defy
The foes to liberty.

“Fear not the musket, or the shell
That round your head may burst,
But guard the colors passing well;
Remember last and first,
I charge you Ansel, ’tis a trust,
And that you surely know,
So keep the banner from the dust,
As well as from the foe.
There’ll be a sentry waiting you
To pick you if you’re brave;
But mark me, Ansel! still be true:
The stars and stripes must wave.”

Old Ansel turned his wooly head,
War burning in his eye,
“I’ll bring these colors back,” he said,
“Or report to God just why,
Port Hudson may be built as strong
As old forts’ uster be,
But they shall need a mightier throng
To take this flag from me.
Old thirteen’s glory shall not fade,
The Union shall not fall,
So, Massy, when the charge is made,
This flag shall lead them all.”

That night on Hudson’s brow they lay,
One thousand tried and true,
That night they met the stalwart gray,
As soldiers ought to do.
They stormed the port with shot and shell
And made their cannons roar.
Their bayonets played a part as well
As oft they’d done before.
No man, not one, was there dismayed,
But “Forward” was their cry.
They saw red death, but still obeyed
And did nor wondered why.

The gray coats’ missiles spread our line
And held our boys at bay,
So each true heart took in the sign
That we would loose the day.
Not so with Ansel, hot with shame,
And burning to be free,
Sprang to the front in Old Abe’s name,
Proclaiming liberty.

Hot with the spirit of the fight,
He waved the starry flag,
And deemed that ere another night
He'd scour the rebel rag.

“Charge boys!” he cried, but ere he'd done,
One shot, and Ansel fell.
One moan, and then, a crown was won;
One sigh, and all was well.
Thus fled his soul from right's demands,
As hero-like he died;
A thousand honest, willing hands
Still kept his colors wide,
Still kept the star, the stripe, and staff
High o'er the foes around,
And gloried in each others laugh,—
It never touched the ground.

That day was lost, but not the cause;
God had each star in view:
He knew the right of human laws,
The Red, the white and blue.
Though Ansel fell, he won his fight,
As one with right accord.
He'd done his part that bloody night
For mankind, and his Lord.
And though he brought no colors back,
Who would his right deny?
He'd gone to God without a lack
To report the reason why.

OLD ALABAMA BANJO.

WHEN de bright sun am a sinkin',
Den de eyes ob dis ole coon
Look away up inter hebben,
Whar de white clouds am rollen,
Whar de silber clouds am formin'
Pictures round de yeller moon;
And I see mah ole log cabbin,
Heah mah poor, mammy callin',
Callin' fo' her pickaninny,
Weepin' an a sobbin' so,
Dat it kinder makes me tremble
Just de bitter fact ter know,—
Neber mo on dis creatin
Will I see the old plantation;
But I still hab consolation
Wid mah ole Al'bama banjo.

Chorus.

Dars no mock bird in the wild wood,
No song bird in de tree,
No voice, no matter how good,
Can sing so sweet ter me.
I'se ben round dis whole creation,
I'se been high, and I'se been low,
But I finds no consolation,
Ceptin' on mah ole banjo.

I was but a pick-a-nin-ny
 On de banks ob Tombigbee,
 When dey took me down de ribber,
 Many, many miles away.
 Mammy prayed an' wept ter save me
 From de "block" on de lebbee,
 Daddie came with the ole banjo.
 Darkies don' you heah him say?
 "Lift your heart, mah pickaninny,
 One mo' gran' ole jubilee,
 One mo' serenade, don yo' tremble,
 You's to cross de stormy sea,
 You's ter leab dis habitation,
 Gwine ter roam der wide creation,
 Take de pride ob de plantation,
 Dis here ole Al'bama Banjo."

But dat war long years ago,
 Now I'se on life's highest hill,
 All I'se waitin' fo's de message,
 An' de Massa's big ballon,
 Fo, ter come ter take me over,
 Over whar de storms am still.
 Hoop la, O! darkies, I recken
 Den I'll be a happy coon,
 When I join 'em in de singin',
 In that endless jubilee;
 An' I kinder think de angels,
 Will be proud ter welcome me,
 If I bring mah banjoration,
 Give de saints an inspiration.
 Won't dey look wid admiration,
 On de ole Al'bama Banjo?

Music by Joseph F. Mors.

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

STEP lightly, don say noffing, baby's sleep-in',

Turn down de lights low, close de do',
Call in de preacher, hush! now stop yo weepin';
Yo' warm tears can wake her no mo'.
Unstring de banjo, stop de clock's noisy tick,
Call de mock-bird away from de tree,
While you's a-praying remember I'se sick,
Fo' dey taken my baby from me.

Chorus.

Baby's sleeping, baby's sleeping,
In de garment cold and white,
Sun am sinkin', stars am wakin',
Den yo' darkies say good-night.

De long night am a-settin', baby's sleepin';
Tell all de hands round make no noise;
Tell dem de angels don hab in dar keepin'
 De sun-light ob all de good boys.
Gadder de posies on de dark lonely hill,
 Put a 'reath ob de flowers on de do',
Walk on yo' tip-toes, and mind yo' be still,
 Fo' you'll see our dear baby no mo!

Long de banks ob de ribber, baby's sleepin',
 Down on her grave de posies bloom,
Softly, and sadly southern am sweepin'
 De homestead am shrouded in gloom.
'Way up in hebben, past de clouds up on high,
 Whar de storm clouds do nebber mo' roll,
Dar I shall see her, mah babe in de sky,
 When do good Lord shall call fo' mah soul.

Music by S. Janet Davies.

'TIS NOW FAR MORE THAN EVER.

Tune—I'll be all smiles tonight.

TIS now far more than ever,
Beloved, I long for thee,
For honest hearts have whispered
That thou hast guarded me.
I've heard thou did'st repress them,
Who laid my spirit low;
And now my heart reproves me
Because I love you so.

There's a weight upon my bosom,
An arrow in my heart;
They told the truth in mercy:
I should have told my part.
Therefore to-night disarm me;—
Thou hast a right to know,—
And lead me to thy shadows,
Because I love you so.

No other heart need arm them;
 'Tis not for them, but thee,
Since thou hast spurned the curses
 That they have heaped on me;
Since thou hast held me loyal,—
 Forgive though't be a blow,—
I should have told you all, dear,
 Because I love you so.

But, then, what need repeat it,
 Since I've repented now
And thou hast heard the worst, dear,
 Unflinching in thy vow.
'Tis now for me to cheer thee,
 And set thy heart aglow,
And plead a fond forgiveness,
 Because I love you so.

But why now, more than ever,
 Do I so long for thee?
Is a guilty mind so lonely
 It need have company?
Ah no, 'tis not thy presence,
 But love, I long to know,
If thy pure soul forgives' me,
 Because I love you so.

To-night I shall embrace thee
 And promise to be true;
And I shall do thy pleadings
 As thou wouldst have me do.
Why is it I'm submissive?
 Why is it I'm aglow?
Because I've learned you love me,
 Because I love you so.

LINES ON A STUFFED EAGLE.

(A very early piece.)

A LONE, proud bird, exalted king,
With pinions spread out far and wide,
No more a monarch on the wing
To guard thy nest on mountain side;
No more to screech thy piercing strain,
For, dumb as are the silent dead,
You stately stand in my domain,
Crowned emblem o'er a nation's head.

As fitful and as clear of light
Upon that rock of mold-decay
No more to dare thy fearless flight,
Or plume thy wings to fly away;
No more to seek thy mountain nest
Among the cliffs and shelters far;
No more to lay thyself at rest
Beneath the midnight shining star.

Now far, far from thy feathered lair,
Thou noble bird with dauntless eye,
Thy unwearied wings spread so fair
Seem fain to plunge the endless sky.
Thy gaze too fierce for weary flight
Back to thy rock-borne mountain home
Too eager for to reach that height
Where human foot steps never roam.

Ah, never more these joys for thee,
Proud bird of taxidermist's skill
Wrought forth as in a mutiny,
With open claws, and sharpened bill.
Dead, dead, yet living in my bower
So placid on that rock of gray
You'll stand till in the invisible hour
You pass, as with the dust, away.

A FAREWELL.

DEAR child, sweet child of song,
As draws the eve of parting near,
I feel a longing, I have felt it long,
To press one kiss, one faltering tear,
To thy fair cheek, and to my breast
Embrace thee, and strive to tell—
Ah! could I only—my deep unrest
Ere I bid thee one long farewell.

How oft in the stillness I wait in tower,
Not that I long to part from thee,
But a feeling akin to the infestive hour
Hurries me on to what must soon be;
And deep the tangled chords of song
Reproach me with a parting knell.
Oh! how rends my bosom, and how long
Before this sad, this last farewell.

High on the mount I view the vale,
As one forlorn, whose hope entombed,
As one who sees the fluttering sail
Depart, and thinks it ever doomed,
As one who hears the wind at sea,
The cry beyond the harbor-bell,
Such is the wail that comes to me,
And so must be our last farewell.

Forgive this unpretending theme,
This crude anthem of a broken heart,
For sad is the low song of my dream,
Whose mournful burden's "We must part."
And, oh! must this be thy abysmal goal
Nor time, nor death to break the spell?
Give answer, child, then will my soul
Recall its cry, farewell, farewell.

TO A CHILD.

TO him, first crowned
Of this our coming race,
I pass the annals by,
But bless the ground,
Wherein, unbounded space,
Is heard the infant's cry.

A father's might,
A sire's well worthy fame,
Sweet child, are nought to thee;
But brave the fight,
And claim an honored name
Throughout thy destiny.

A life to live,
A work is thine to do.
God, may your task avail!
Arise and give,
And fear no prospect through,
But launch, and spread the sail.

A sea before,
To rear, and either side.
Ah, shores are far apart,
But bend the oar,
And learn the changing tide,
Then anchor in your mart.

Life is a game:
We play, we win, we loose,
The outset is our own,
Ourselves to blame,
Ourselves to take and choose,
Ourselves to smile or groan.

Death is a thing
Of which we are to be,
Therefore concerns us not:
Pauper or king
Knows not his destiny
Save one small lowly spot.

There is an end
To all that does begin,
And that which is, has been;
So do not bend
To aught that you would win;
The gain's for other men.

At best, I pray,
Learn to discern "the man."
Your game defray at length;
Act on to-day;
Give aid, and say, "I can;"
Then prove assertion's strength.

To-morrow's light
No man can claim to-day,
So shirk no duty's call:
'Tis now to fight,
Tis now to act, and pray,
'Tis now to rise, or fall.

So welcome, thou,
To this our terrene sphere.
God be your strength, and guide
On land and sea;
Through all of human fear—
May you be pacified.

There is a rest
For every heart that beats,
"A calm for those who weep."
God's for the best;
In Him we find retreat,
In him our precious sleep.

There is a sleep,
Whose eyelids seals a doom;
Two worlds, one is for you:
To walk or creep,
A haven, or a tomb,
A cup to spill, or brew.

So shall you reign,
So shall you come to die,
Oh, self-willed, conscious heart;
But bear the pain,
Nor ask, nor wonder why,
But manly play your part.

Launch out, spread sail,
To battle with a world,
Out to life's waiting goal,
Succeed or fail.
Thy banner's name unfurled
Shall still sustain thy soul.

LEON F. CZOLGOSZ.

BEREAVEMENT, deep anguish of the soul,
Mournfullest when recollection takes us back
Unto that day of mourning and of grief
Wherein the cause of anarchy was espoused.
Did sense of duty hail thy heart, O wretch,
And call thee to an act so foully fell?
Writhe in thy death's anticipation, man,
And then in hideous solitude collect thyself,
And, pondering, mutter thus: "The deed is
done."
Dark is thy prison cell, dark is thy heart;
Thy morn of hope shall never more return;
Thy night of stress has come, thy woe begun.

Still, ah, still, God is for thee, though man be
not—

God is for thee, and thou art not for him.
Turn, O Leon, turn thine eyes to heaven,
Up to that height to which thy soul must fly,
Back to its maker and unto its God,
Still unprepared, poor wretched soul of blood.

None shall weep for thee;
Few shall pray for thee;
God will deal with thee.

Is not thy every dream disturbed by night?
Is not thy every thought disturbed by day?
Does not the shadow of thy crime return?
Its raven wing flit gloomy on thy cell?
Are not the shackles hard upon thy wrist?
The sweat drops cold upon thy burning brow?
What more, O man of shame, needs bring re-
morse?

Slander is thine now from a million tongues;
Scorn from humanity's heaving breast.
Foolhardy act, vain in its mad career!
Was it then praise you sought beneath a ker-
chieft hand?

Did that heart's blood, that soul's return to
God,
Atone for fancied ills thy spirit bore?
Or, did that shot, the death knell of our chief,
Make thee a man, or heal a running sore?

Nay, deluded heart, fault is not wholly thine,
Though men would curse thee, and would rend
and tear,
As if thy death would cure a painful sting.

Full many like thyself do thirst thy blood,
As if its flow could make the dead return
And right the wrong that others taught to thee.
Crime breeds crime,
And yours was bred from teachings red as
blood,
Red as the blood you spattered on your kin.
Theirs is the sorrow and theirs is the remorse;
Theirs is the penalty, a shame for it to be;
Theirs is the empty mouth, and theirs a roof-
less bed.

Their willing hands for toil are scoffed by men.
Oh, shame for thee, Leon, oh, shame for thee!
Thine is the privilege to pass away
More lightly from this world than first you
came,

Thanks to the sovereign law that you disown—
The law that you would hurl from off the earth.
Unlike that Bresci, Humbert's dagger fiend,
Who passed through forty hells before the end,
You'll fall asleep without a tortured flesh,
And feel no pain, save in your fear to die.

Poor wretch! the end draws near, the shadows
fall;

Your light of life is flickering to a close;
Grim darkness gathers, and alone you stand
Upon the brink of vast eternity.
Where will you leap, to darkness or to light?
And at what goal in that dim universe
Will your soul live, in torment or in joy?
Where shall the anchor sink into the swelling
sea?

Shall there be “moaning of the bar,” or carols
sung?

It lies with thee, Leon, it lies with thee.
Meet God with contrite heart and spirit mild,
And leave the world a farewell of regret
For that base crime the centuries cannot blot.
Mourn with the depth of sorrow in thy heart,
And say to man, "Farewell! Forgive, forget!"
That then thy dust may rest all undisturbed,
And mingle with the many gone before.
Mourn, that thy soul may live in boundless joy,
Redeemed upon the bosom of thy God.

THE END.

JUL 7 1902

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